Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to S. *Nicholas Gowſey. Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince* of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince* of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'le make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the ſword my fleſh:
But

But thought's the ſlave of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O! I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for——
Prince. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well, gre
Ill weav'd ambition: how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough, this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, i'le thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poor *Iacke* farewell;
I could have better ſpar'd a better man;
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* ly.

Falſtaffe riſe up.

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, i'l
leave to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zl
time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* ha
ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: t
be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a m
hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, w